Condemnes you to the death: ſee them delivered over
To execution, and the hand of death.
Buſh. More welcome is the ſtroke of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to England.
Gree. My comfort is, that Heaven will take our ſoules,
And plague iniuſtice with the paines of hell.
Bul. My Lord *Northumberland*, ſee them diſpatch'd:
Vncle, you ſay the Queene is at your Houſe,
For Heavens ſake, fairely let her be intreated,
Tell her, I ſend to her my kind commends,
Take ſpeciall care my greetings be deliver'd,
Yor. A Gentleman of mine, I have diſpatch'd
VVith Letters of your loue to her at large.
Bul. Thankes gentle Vncle: come Lords away,
To fight with *Gendoure*, and his Complices;
A while to worke, and after holliday. *Exunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Drums, Flouriſh, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlile, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly Caſtle call you this at hand?
Au. Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,
After your late toſſing on the breaking Seas?
Rich. Needs muſt I like it well, I weepe for ioy
To ſtand upon my Kingdome once againe.
Deare Earth, I doe ſalute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horſes hoofes:
As a long parted Mother with her Child,
Playes fondly with her teares, and ſmiles in meeting,
So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee the Earth,
And doe thee favour with my Royall hands,
Feed not thy Soveraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy ſweetes comfort his ravenous ſence:

But

But let thy Spiders that ſucke
And heavy-gated Toade lye in
Doing annoyance to the treache
Which with uſurping ſteps doe
Yeild ſtinging Nettles to mine
And when they from thy boſo
Guard it I prethee with a lurk
Whoſe double tongue may wi
Throw death upon thy Sovera
Mocke not my ſenceleſſe Con
This earth ſhall have a feeling,
Prove armed Souldiers, ere her
Shall falter under fowle Rebel
Car. Feare not my Lord, that
Hath power to keepe you King
Aum. He meanes, my Lord, t
Whileſt *Bullingbrooke* through
Growes ſtrong and great, in ſu
Rich. Diſcomfortable Coſin,
That when the ſearching Eye o
Behinde the Globe, that lights
Then theeves and Robbers rau
In Murders and in out-rage b
But when from under this Ter
He fires the proud tops of the
And darts his Lightning throu
Then Murders, Treaſons, and d
(The Cloake of Night being pl
Stand bare and naked, trembli
So when this Thiefe, this Trayt
Who all this while hath reuell'
Shall ſee us riſing in our Throne
His Treaſons will ſit bluſhing i
Not able to endure the ſight of
But ſelfe-affrighted, tremble at
Not all the water in the rough
Can waſh the Balme from an a
The breath of worldly men c